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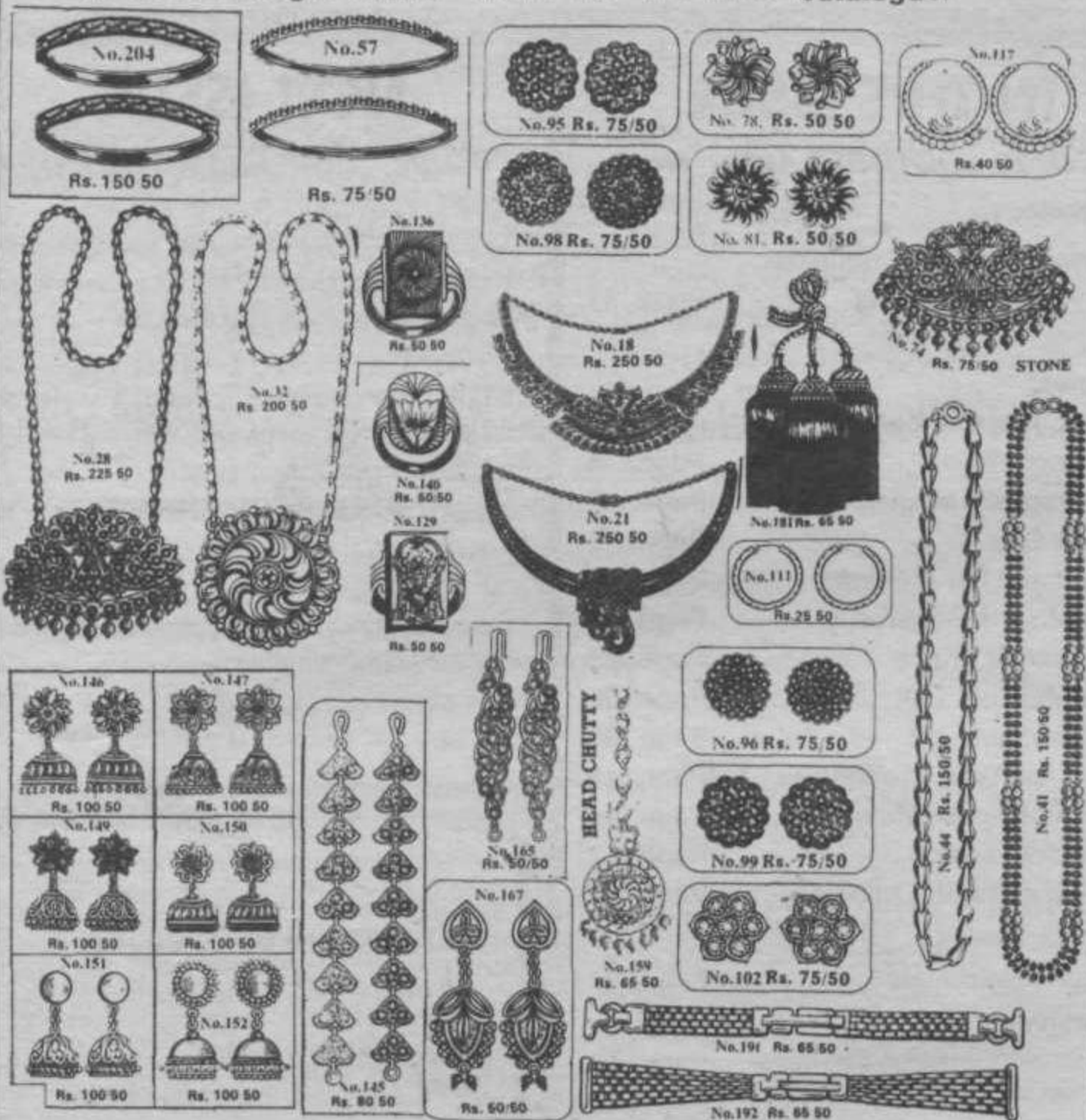
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CHANDAMAMA

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**AND News Flash, Let Us Know
and More!**

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THE BANDIT PRINCE: A new spring seems to visit the forest. There is happiness everywhere. Why?

STORY OF BUDDHA: Buddha visits the kingdom he had left behind.

SAGA OF NEHRU— towards its eventful conclusion.

Tales, fairy tales, laughter, general knowledge, tips for better English, answers to readers' queries and other features.

Thoughts to be Treasured

Perhaps we are living in one of the great ages of mankind and have to pay the price for that privilege.

—Jawaharlal Nehru



Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

LEAVE THE SUBLIME PEAKS ALONE

Who does not hear or read about Siachen today? At a height of 6,300 metres, this could be the world's highest battlefield if again a conflict breaks out between India and Pakistan. A friend of ours who visited it said, "Only if India and Pakistan were together, soldiers of both the countries would not be required to pass their days and nights around this hostile region, always afraid of one another."

But that is a mere sentiment. Our Jawans guard this frontier with great fortitude and courage.

Fresh negotiation is about to begin between India and Pakistan to leave the serenity of the great peaks undisturbed. Let us pray for its success. Let the sublime peaks continue to shine above human pettiness.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अतिकुपिता अबि सुजना योगन भृदुभवन्ति न तु नीचाः ।

हेम्नः कठिनस्वापि द्रवणोपायोऽस्ति न तृणानाम् ॥

Atikupitā api sujanā yogena mṛdubhavanti na tu nicāḥ

Hemnaḥ kaṭhinasyāpi dravaṇopāyo sti na tṛṇānām.

A good man, even if he has grown much angry, can be made to calm down, but not a mean fellow. Gold, though hard, can melt, but straw cannot.

The Subhashitaratnabhandagar



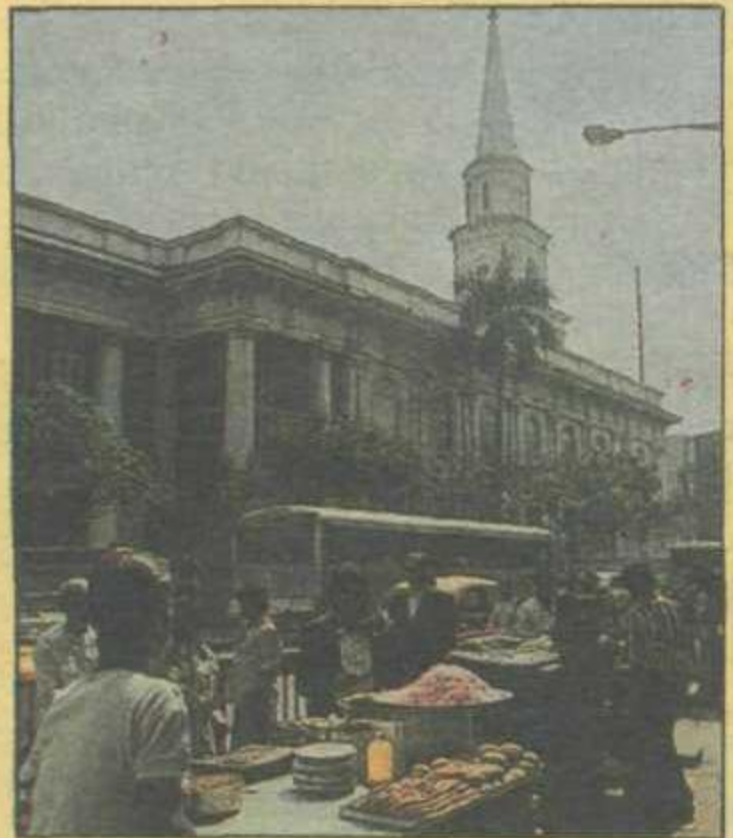


*Focus on current events national
and international*

DO YOU REMEMBER JOB CHARNOCK?

Today Calcutta is one of the biggest cities in the world. But only three hundred years ago, it was a cluster of small villages surrounded by miles and miles of paddy fields, pastures or barren lands.

In 1690 a young Englishman landed on the banks of the River



Hoogly. He was Job Charnock. You must have heard of the East India Company. That was a business concern formed by the British. Men of this Company came to India for trade. Slowly they started taking possession of different Indian kingdoms, through war, diplomacy, threat and deceit.

This Company had sent Job Charnock to the place that later became Calcutta. On the 24th of August in the year 1690, he laid the foundation of the city.

On the 24th of August this year the eminent citizens of the city gathered at the tomb of Job Charnock at St. John's Church, Calcutta, to celebrate the three hundredth year of the city. The function began with a prayer for the prosperity of the city. The prayer was followed by planting of trees on both sides of Charnock's tomb. The speakers remembered the great sons of India who were born in Calcutta or who had chosen Calcutta as the place of their activities.

SECRETS OF LONG LIFE

On the 23rd of August, in a Welsh village (Great Britain), a gentleman

celebrated his 112th birthday in a quiet but dignified way. Newspapers say that he is the world's oldest man. Maybe there are a few others as old as him or even older, but we do not know about them.

The name of the 112-year-old gentleman, who was a mine-worker for sixty years, is John Evans.

"What is the secret of long life?" his admirers asked him.

The old man replied, "No alcohol, no tobacco, no cursing and no gambling." Those who know him closely, say that they have never seen him drinking liquor or smoking tobacco or getting angry with anybody. So, he is true to his own statement.

EIGHT-TON BOOK!

The world's largest book, measuring four metres by three metres and weighing eight tons was displayed in the French city of Toulouse.

The 30 pages of the book, each weighing 200 kilograms, are devoted to local personalities from industry, trade, arts and the press. The book was printed to mark the 150th anniversary of a local publishing company.



THE JACKAL'S MAGIC

A father and a son, travellers along a road, took rest under a big banyan tree.

The son was playing with a dazzling coin. "My son, don't lose the coin!" the father told the little boy.

"Why father? Is it a very precious thing?" asked the son.

"Oh yes, my son, it is money, the most precious thing in the world," replied the father.

"How do you say so?" the son persisted in his query.

"My son! If you have money

with you, you can do anything you wish to do. You can conquer a kingdom, build a castle, you can eat anything you like, you can command men, horses and elephants ..." said the father.

A little jackal who sat hiding in the hollow of the tree heard the dialogue between the father and the son. He was amazed.

The boy dozed off and the coin slipped from his hand. After half an hour the two resumed their journey. Both of them had forgotten about the coin.



The little jackal came out of his hiding and found the coin. He hid it and then jumped and danced merrily and was in no mood to stop.

"What's the matter, master jackal? It seems you have conquered a kingdom!" observed a mongoose.

"I have not yet conquered any kingdom but I can conquer one any moment now. I have the secret by which I can conquer a kingdom, build a castle, eat anything I like, command men, horses and elephants!" announced the little jackal.

The mongoose thought it rather strange, but he could not

dismiss the jackal's claim as nonsense. No jackal could jump like that unless he had really achieved something fantastic.

The mongoose ran and gave the news to a deer. The deer told about it to a boar. Several other animals and birds heard about it. They all came to meet the jackal.

The jackal had grown so proud that he greeted none. "I have the magic by which I can win a kingdom, build a castle, eat anything I like, command men, horses and elephants!" he shouted again and again.

"Enough of this, little one, but will you please prove what you say? There goes an elephant. Can



you command it to stop?" asked an old bear.

"Ha, ha! Ha ha!!" laughed the jackal. "I will show you what I can do! What is a mere elephant before me?"

The jackal took position on a spot which would come on the elephant's way. The elephant came closer. At some distance the animals stood with bated breath to see the miracle the little jackal promised to perform.

The jackal sat on his hind legs and managed to lift the coin with his forepaws. "Listen to me, you elephant! Look at my money! Yes, this is genuine money. Now I command you to stop!" he said.

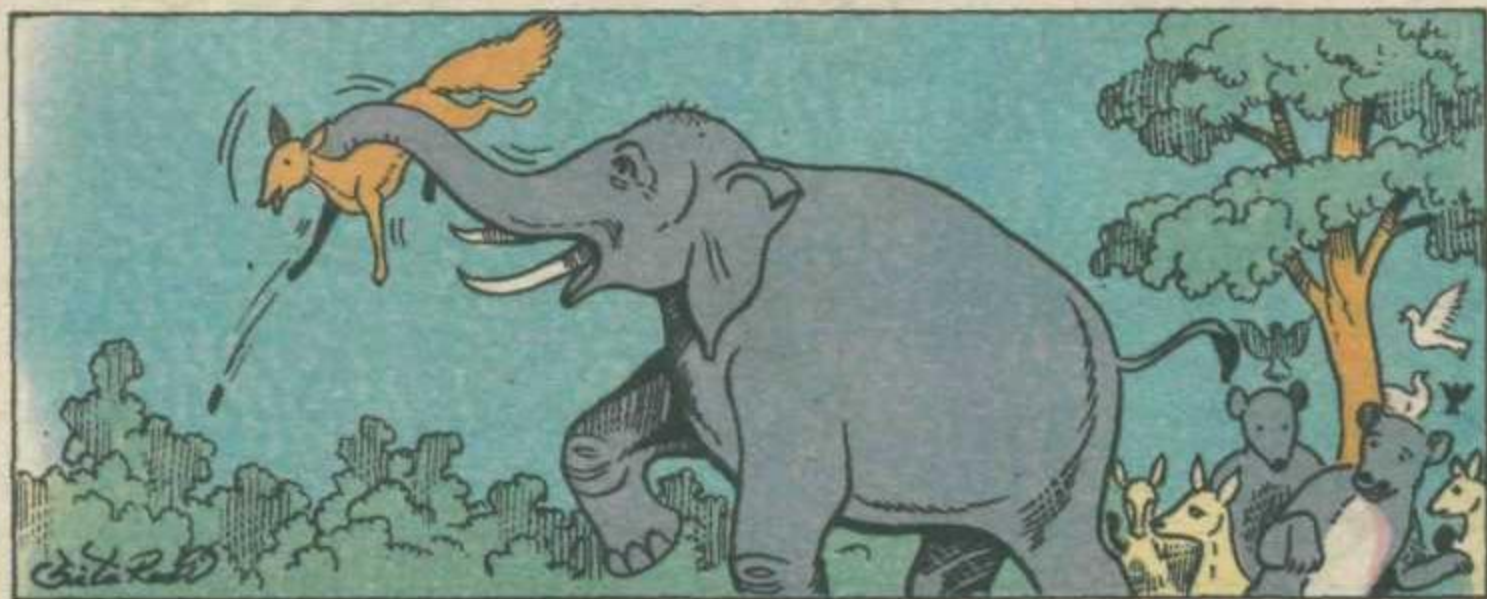
The elephant did not pay attention to his command. He strode on. The jackal shouted at the peak of his voice, but in vain. The elephant noticed him and took hold of him by his trunk and threw him aside. The jackal was

hurt. It limped as it tried to run away. The coin had been lost.

The animals took pity on the jackal, but at the same time they could not help laughing.

"The chap must have got that shining stuff from some silly human beings. I know that there are fools among men who believe that the thing called money can fetch them anything," said a monkey who sat on the banyan tree. "But I can tell you, that a kingdom won can be lost. No money can save it. A castle built can be destroyed by men or earthquake, no money can save it. A man can suffer from a disease and lose his capacity for eating; no money can help him. He can command men and horses and elephants, but if they decide not to be commanded, no money can help him!"

The animals thanked the monkey and dispersed.





THREE GIFTS

Sage Soumyendra was an ideal guru. He ran a gurukul or an Ashram school in a charming valley between a river and a forest. The area was surrounded by mountains.

A number of students lived in small huts and learnt their lessons from the guru. Among them some were interested in philosophy, some in the science of Ayurveda, some in Yoga and some in literature. The sage gave proper guidance to all.

One day the king's minister met the sage, "Sir," he said, "I will like to know if among your students there is anyone who can be adopted by the king. As you know, the king is childless. He is keen to find someone who would be intelligent and noble. We have received reports to the effect that you are grooming some excellent boys."

The sage closed his eyes for a

minute and said, "You have come at a time when I have a brilliant boy as my student. He comes of a noble family. His name is Pradip. The king can safely adopt him, if the parents of the boy give their consent to it."

"Sir, can I once satisfy myself about the boy's calibre?" asked the minister.

The sage smiled and said, "All right. Tomorrow morning, while talking to the boys in front of my hut, I will put a question to them. You can sit in my hut and listen to the answers given by them. Mark who gives the most sensible answer. And, our noble minister, it will be good if, in the morning, you suggest the question which I should put to the students."

"I will do so, sir. Thanks."

In the morning the minister suggested a question to the sage. A little later the sage put the question to the students. It ran

like this:

At the death of a king his son ascended the throne. The young king loved his mother very much. He loved his only sister and his wife no less. The sister was yet to be married.

One day a hermit met the king and said, "I am happy with your just rule. Here are three gifts—but none of them is for you. You have to distribute among the people you like most. One is a pill. One who swallows it would have peace in heart; the second gift is a necklace. One to put this on will always prove helpful to you. The third gift is a golden flower. One to keep this would grow very beautiful."

The hermit handed over the gifts to the king and went away.

Sage Soumyendra looked at his students and asked, "Now, my boys, can you tell me how should the king distribute his

gifts?"

Several students gave their answers to the question. The sage at last focused his eyes on Pradip. The boy stood up and said, "Sir, the king should give the pill to his mother. Having lost her husband, she must be in distress and peace of mind is the thing she needs most. The king should give the necklace to his wife so that she can always prove helpful to him. So far as the golden flower is concerned, it should be given to the princess—the king's unmarried sister."

"Very good," said the sage. All the other boys also found Pradip's answer most satisfying.

The minister who was observing the class from the hermit's hut was much impressed by Pradip's wit and manners. He reported his experience to the king. Pradip was adopted by the king. In due course he became an exemplary ruler.





TREATMENT FOR A GIANT

Someshwar was quite a big village. The villagers were a well-to-do lot. They were mostly farmers. Their fields yielded them excellent crops. The village was situated on the banks of a river. Not far from it was a range of hills and the natural scenery of the place was very good. So some outsiders came to spend their holidays at Someshwar. They occupied rooms in two inns very close to the river. Even some sick people came there to recover their health.

Why not? There were two able physicians in the village. They were Viswanath and Jainath. They had been trained by a legendary Ayurvedic expert. Both had roaring practice..

But, as days passed, more and more patients went to Viswanath and less and less came to Jainath.

The reasons for this were simple: Viswanath treated his patients with great care. His one aim was to cure the patients. But Jainath's philosophy was quite different. His only aim was to exploit the patients. While Viswanath was happy with whatever the patients could afford to pay him, Jainath would forsake a patient if the patient could not pay according to his demand.

Naturally, patients stopped coming to Jainath. A time came when Jainath could not earn enough to make two ends meet. One day he and his wife quarrelled. Jainath got angry and left for the town. He planned to do some business and become rich. But for that one needed enough money as capital. He failed to raise any loan. He was awfully frustrated.



As he was returning home, on a sudden impulse he entered the forest. "How does one feel if one decides to commit suicide?" he wondered. He made a noose and hung it from a branch.

Suddenly he heard a thunderous voice, "What are you doing? Are you planning to kill yourself? Don't do such a thing. It is a grave sin. Tell me if you have any problem. I will try to help you!"

Jainath looked with surprise and saw a giant rushing towards him, emerging from a cave.

At first Jainath was frightened. But the giant's voice convinced him that it was a well-meaning giant. Suddenly a mischievous

idea came to his mind. He had heard that giants always had a lot of wealth with them. The wealth of this giant must have been stored in its cave. If the giant died, he could own all its wealth.

"Giant, sir, the fact is, just now an auspicious star is presiding over the earth. If one hangs for a while, one can live for a thousand years more than what one's horoscope provides," said Jainath.

"Is that so? Although we the giants live quite long, I would be happy to live a thousand years longer. Let me hang myself for a moment," said the giant. It pushed its head into the noose and jumped. The noose tightened round its neck and it howled in pain. Sure that it would die, Jainath laughed. Luckily for the giant, the branch could not bear its weight and it came crashing down. The giant was injured but it understood that Jainath had fooled it. Picking up a stone, the giant hurled it at Jainath. Jainath would have died had the stone struck him. But the stone missed him. He scampered away rolling over a thorny bush, bleeding. The giant shouted, "Henceforth I will kill any human being I see!"

He reported the matter to his

wife who had grown very anxious on account of his absence. A bright idea came to her. She said, "If you could not put an end to the giant, I am confident of putting an end to Viswanath. That would oblige all the patients to come to you."

She went to Viswanath's house and told his wife, "My sister, can you lend me a good container for a day?"

"Why? Yours is a physician's house. Don't you have containers?" asked Viswanath's wife.

"My sister," said Jainath's wife lowering her voice, "I want a silver container. The fact is, my husband met a giant in the forest.

The giant gave him some gold dust. I don't want to keep gold dust in any ordinary container. I will buy a silver container tomorrow."

Viswanath's wife gave her a silver container, but put a drop of gum inside it. Next day Jainath's wife returned the container to her. She found that there was indeed some gold dust stuck to the gum. Needless to say, Jainath's wife had guessed what she would do!

Viswanath's wife compelled her husband to pay a visit to the giant. Viswanath entered the forest, reluctantly. Soon he saw the giant groaning in pain. The



moment the giant's eyes fell on him, it looked for a stone.

But Viswanath shouted, "What ails you, giant? I am a physician. Let me examine you."

The giant trusted him, Viswanath applied medicine to the giant's wounds and his bruised neck and led him into his cave. For seven days Viswanath visited him once a day and gave him medicines. On the seventh day, the giant felt that it had been completely cured.

"Thanks, dear physician, here is your fee," said the giant and it gave him a sackful of gold.

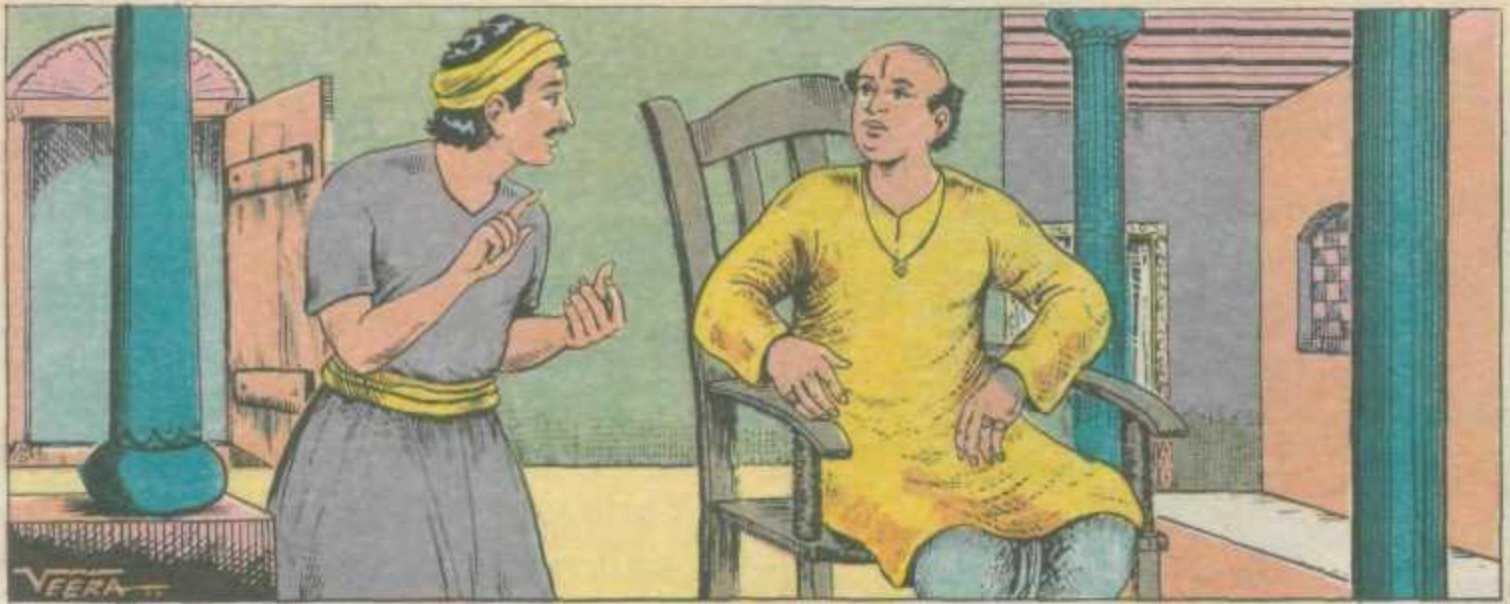
Meanwhile Jainath and his wife were feeling more and more surprised. They had assumed that the moment the giant would see another man, it would kill him. But they saw Viswanath walking into the forest every day,

and coming out of it, hale and hearty!

The day Viswanath returned with his reward, he called a meeting of the villagers and told them all about his good luck. However, he was kind enough not to tell them anything about Jainath's cruelty towards the giant. In the meeting he proposed to build a charitable hospital with the gold he had received and the people applauded him. After the meeting Viswanath told Jainath privately, "I have a duty towards you, for it is because of your ill-treatment of the giant that I got a chance to treat it. You can join my hospital as a physician. You cannot realise any fee from the patients, but you will be given a regular salary."

Jainath hung his head, but agreed to the proposal.





THE MISER'S GENEROSITY

Bhikhu Seth was an arch-miser. Many stories circulated about his niggardliness. People laughed at him behind his back, but he did not know about all that.

One day, while returning from the weekly market, he walked behind some villagers. It was a dark night and the villagers did not know that Bhikhu Seth followed them. They talked freely and exchanged jokes.

"Ramu, will you light a matchstick? I think something dropped from my pocket on the road," said Govind.

"Why should I waste a matchstick on you?" asked Ramu, though he lighted the match-

stick all right.

"At this rate you will soon deprive poor Bhikhu Seth of his position as the supreme miser of our area!" observed another villager. All laughed.

"It seems you fellows are bent upon spoiling our dinners!" said one of them.

"Very well, let us remember Jaidev Das to counter the effect," said another.

Bhikhu Seth heard all this. It was a popular superstition that if one mentioned the name of a mean fellow before one's lunch or dinner, one would go dissatisfied with the food; if one remembered a generous man, one would enjoy one's meal. Bhikhu Seth under-





stood that he had become the very synonym of meanness for the people of the area. He felt offended. At the same time, he grew awfully envious of Jaidev.

He had a cunning neighbour named Suresh. "What is the matter with you, sir?" he asked Bhikhu Seth. "Why do you look so gloomy?"

"Tell me, Suresh, am I a bad man?" asked Bhikhu Seth.

"Seth, you are an angel among men. I guess you have heard someone speaking bad of you," observed Suresh.

"Right. You say that I am an angel. But they think that Jaidev is an angel," grumbled Seth.

"We can change the people's impression in no time. The best way is to make Jaidev praise you. Then everybody will praise you," said Suresh.

"But how to make Jaidev praise me?"

"That should not be difficult. Invite him for lunch one day. While you will be talking to him, I will come to you five times, in five different disguises. You should give me a hundred rupees every time. Needless to say, I will return all your money to you, keeping only five rupees as my fee. But the impression Jaidev will have of you will be worth five lakhs!" counselled Suresh.

Bhikhu Seth's face brightened up. "Hurry up," he told Suresh. "Invite him for lunch tomorrow itself!"

Suresh met Jaidev. "My master, Bhikhu Seth, invites you for eating lunch with him, tomorrow," he informed Jaidev.

"Bhikhu Seth of all persons? Did I hear you correctly?" asked a surprised Jaidev.

"You have heard me correctly, sir! Perhaps you have heard wrong about him from others and that is why you feel surprised. My master is a generous man, but he keeps his generosity

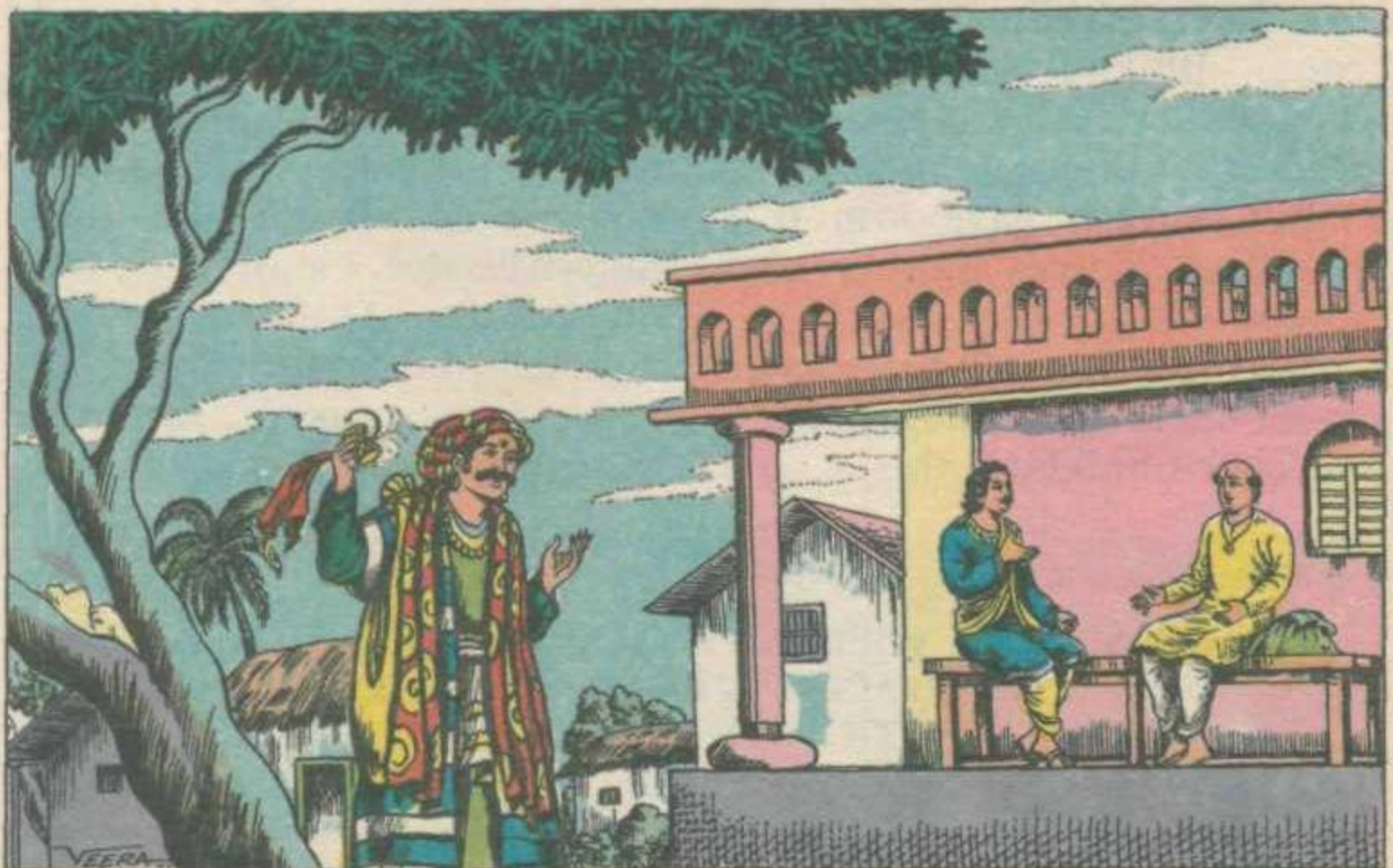
a secret. In fact, yesterday he completed accumulating a lakh rupees over the last one year. To mark the occasion he would like to feed a generous man. And who but you can be his match in generosity? I have told you the secret. Kindly accept his invitation," said Suresh.

"All right. I will be there for lunch tomorrow," Jaidev assured.

Next day Jaidev reached Bhikhu Seth's house before noon. Bhikhu Seth showed signs of great happiness and made him sit. Within five minutes a man who looked like a mendicant came begging. "Have I not told you so many times that you must

not approach me for help when others are there around me?" asked Bhikhu Seth and he gave him a hundred rupees. After another ten minutes a man looking like an alien met him and said, "I am a traveller from the distant Nagbhumi. I lost all my money to burglars. Someone told me that there are only two persons in this area who can help me; one is Jaidev Das and the other is yourself. Since Jaidev Das's house is in the other village, I came to you."

"You deserve help," said Seth and he gave him a hundred rupees. Then, as if he spoke in a murmur to himself, "I wonder





who could have told this man about my habit of helping others. I never let it be known!”

Within the next one hour eight more people came to him and each received a hundred rupees. After they had eaten their lunch Suresh arrived. “Thank you, sir, for honouring my request,” he told Jaidev. As Suresh entered a room, Bhikhu Seth followed him. Bhikhu Seth was anxious to recover his thousand rupees.

But Suresh gave him five hundred rupees minus five rupees.

“But you came ten times and I gave you a thousand rupees!” exclaimed Bhikhu Seth.

“I came only five times and received five hundred rupees! Then I went home to take bath!” asserted Suresh.

“You cheat! You swindler!” shouted Bhikhu Seth impatiently.

“Seth, don’t worry about the other five hundred. It is safe with my clerk, Ratan. He is a good actor, you know! We suspected some such motive of yours. I will return your money without taking any commission. But give Suresh his due, I must thank you for the lunch. At the same time I must tell you that the only way to be known as a generous man is to be truly generous,” said Jaidev.

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THE BANDIT PRINCE

2

(Shantipur, the capital of Sumedh, is a prosperous city. King Shanti Dev is a peace-loving and noble king, but his cousin and the general of his army, Vir Singh, is cruel and ambitious. He plans to kill the king, the queen and their infant son. On a festive night, when a great firework is taking place outside the palace and all are witnessing it, Vir Singh's men enter the palace. The king compels the queen to escape through a secret passage, carrying the infant prince along.)

“Open the door!” shouted some hoarse voices. The king kept quiet. “Open the door!” the attackers screamed while banging on the door in their mad fury. Through a secret hole in the window, the king peeped out. The attackers were unfamiliar faces. Vir Singh must have hired them from outside Sumedh. They looked ferocious and drunk.

The hired army of hooligans found it difficult to break the door. They grew impatient. Perhaps a time had been set for them during which they must achieve their goal. Some of them brought a huge beam and began to dash it against the door.

The king realised that the door cannot stand the assault. The attackers were stepping back and then were rushing forward at

The Great Escape



great speed to smash the door with the help of the beam.

The king observed their movement through the hole. Then, just when the beam would strike the door, he opened it. Those holding the beam lost their balance and fell down. The king leaped over them, swinging his sword. By the time the attackers realised the situation, a couple of their heads had rolled on the ground.

"He escapes! He escapes!" shouted two or three of them.

"Pursue him! Kill him by all means! Or you all shall be beheaded!" hollered a stern voice. The king recognised it. It was Vir Singh's.

Outside the palace the firework was in full swing. A large artificial tree, filled with crackers, was going up in flames, making deafening noise and dazzling light. Nobody outside knew what was going on inside the palace.

The queen's apartment had a number of suites, rooms and corridors. But all the exits had been shut. Vir Singh's men stood in front of every suite or room with swords drawn so that the king and the queen would be cut down if by chance they escaped the assassins raiding their rooms.

The king headed towards a staircase. The soldier guarding it raised his sword, but the king ducked and then threw the man down with ease and climbed the steps. The door at the top end of the staircase was shut. As he was trying to open its latch, two of Vir Singh's men tried to reach him. In a lightning move the king struck them with his sword. They rolled down along the staircase. The king opened the door and stood on the roof.

Shouts of joy and clappings greeted the magnificent firework taking place outside the palace. The innocent people of Shantipur were celebrating the infant

prince's birthday! Little did they know that the little prince and his parents — their beloved king and queen — were face to face with death. The king was only a few yards away from the devoted crowd, yet there was no way for him to reach them.

The king heard the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the staircase. He took position at the door, facing the steps. "You die if you try to catch me!" he told the shadowy figures climbing.

"Kill him and own a chestful of gold!" someone, standing at the foot of the staircase, instigated the climbers. The climbers were inspired. Indeed, what a magic greed plays in reducing fools to asses! "Gold, gold!" two of them shouted and speeded up, raising their swords. But the passage was narrow and each of them was eager to reach the king before the other.

"Here is your chestful of gold!" said the king. Their swords were thrown off their hands as the king's sword struck them. Then they rolled down, claspings their chests with their hands.

The king was at a vantage point. He could have repulsed any number of attackers as long as they continued to come



through the staircase. But Vir Singh's men were trying to reach the roof from the courtyard, by the help of a tall ladder. The king had anticipated it. While guarding himself against the fellows who were climbing the staircase, he was passing his eyes on the roof from time to time. Suddenly he saw a man appearing at one edge of the roof, with a spear pointed at him. The king bent down and ran towards him at great speed and kicked him hard. Like a flung ball the fellow fell to the courtyard below with a shriek. The king leaned and saw the ladder. Three more men were in the process of climbing. He

toppled the ladder with his feet.

But meanwhile two or three more soldiers had come over the roof through the staircase. More were coming. The king knew that it would be futile to go on fighting like that. Vir Singh might have brought a hundred hired soldiers, if not more, into the palace. Soon they will surround him. How many can he kill single-handed? He knew that there was no escape from death. But he had no fear of death either. He was content to have despatched the queen and the little prince through the secret tunnel, to some unknown destiny. Alas, an unknown destiny was preferable to certain deaths.

The attackers were closing in on him. A large cracker burst over his head. In that flash of light, the king saw Vir Singh behind the attackers.

"Vir! You treacherous brute, you sinner! Take it!" He took out of his waist-belt a dagger and hurled it at Vir Singh. The treacherous general moved his head on time, but the dagger sliced a bit of his left ear. "Kill him!" Vir Singh cried out in great anger. His men rushed upon the king with redoubled vigour. But the king swiftly reached the ladder which Vir Singh's men in the courtyard had once again raised. He put his sword in his sheath and began climbing down.



"Throw down the ladder!" cried out Vir Singh, even though one or two of his own men were climbing it from below. The king was prepared for it. He had covered half of the ladder by the time it was thrown down. He jumped to the courtyard and lifted the ladder himself and put it against the high parapet wall.

"Pull it down! Pull it down!" shouted Vir Singh from the rooftop. But by then all his men, those who had escaped death or grievous injury in the king's hand, were on the roof, each eager to capture the king for the sake of the chestful of gold and Vir Singh's favour. The two men who were in the courtyard, were

those who had had a bad fall when the ladder was thrown down. They got up and limped towards the wall in order to pull down the ladder, but they were a bit too late. The king had reached the top of the wall.

Even then the two fellows were trying to take away the ladder when Vir Singh shouted at them, "You idiots, what use taking away the ladder now? Better climb it and try to kill him!"

On the other side of the wall was the river Sumati. The king stood on the wall and wondered about the next course of his action. Vir Singh, in spite of his bleeding ear, had rushed down to the courtyard. He was desperate.





He would be doomed if the king escapes. Shrieking and gesticulating, he directed some of his men to climb the ladder. He had managed to get hold of a spear. He was an expert marksman. The king had specially rewarded him for this skill of his.

He took aim at the king and hurled the spear. Against the moonlit sky, the spear whisked towards its goal, but nobody could say whether it touched it or not. Suddenly the king's figure disappeared from the wall.

The bleeding Vir Singh himself climbed to the top of the wall. The king had either fallen into the river or had jumped into it. If the spear struck him, he must have fallen into it; if it missed him, he had deliberately jumped into the current. But how to know the fact? How to know

whether the king is dead or alive?

"Has anybody clearly seen my spear striking the king?" Vir Singh asked his henchmen, all of whom had gathered around him. All looked disappointed because the promised gold slipped through everybody's fingers!

"Your Highness!" a flatterer addressed Vir Singh as the king is addressed, "How on earth can your spear miss its target?"

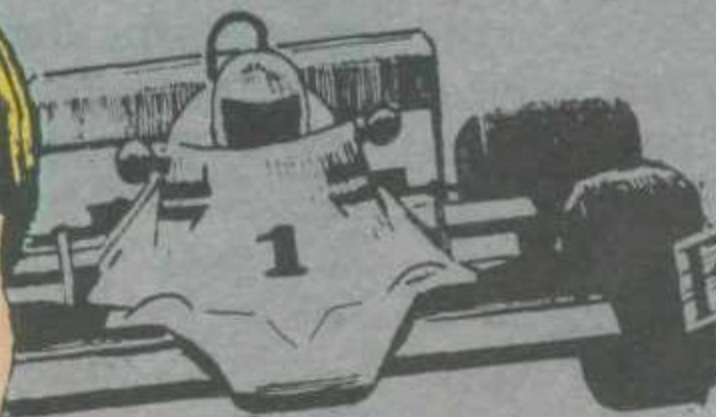
"Shut up, you ape! Tell me if you have seen my spear striking my target and throwing him down into the river!" Vir Singh yelled out his question.

There was silence. Vir Singh kept gazing at the turbulent current of the river. In the hissing of the river it seemed as if he heard a derisive giggle. As if the river was laughing at him!

— To Continue



WORLD OF SPORT



**FAST
LADY**

THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN A FORMULA ONE RACE WAS DISIRE WILSON, WHO WON THE SECOND ROUND OF THE AURORA AFX BRITISH FORMULA ONE CHAMPIONSHIP AT BRANDS HATCH IN APRIL, 1980. SHE DROVE A WOLF WR4 COSWORTH AT 116.29 MPH.

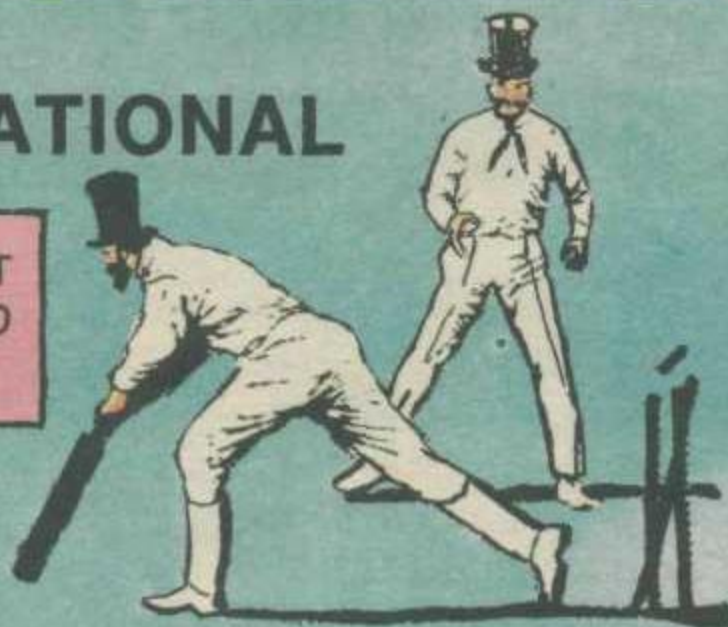


MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING BECAME A FASHIONABLE SPORT AFTER THE ALPINE CLUB WAS FORMED IN 1857. THE FIRST PRESIDENT WAS JOHN BALL, A NOTED BOTANIST AND TOPOGRAPHER.

FIRST INTERNATIONAL

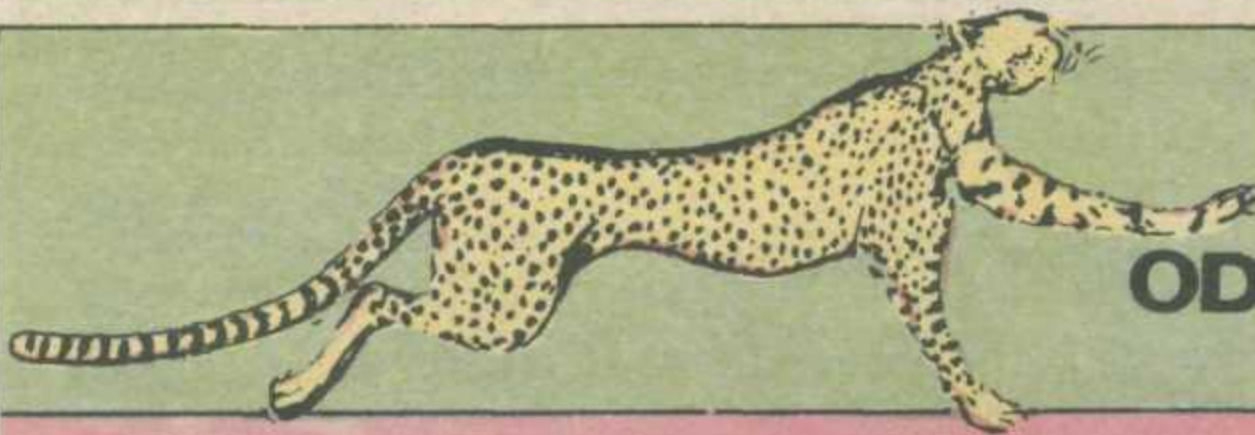
THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH WAS BETWEEN CANADA AND USA IN 1844.





LARGEST SEED

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SEED IS THAT OF THE **COCOA DE MER** WHICH IS FOUND ONLY ON THE SEYCHELLE ISLANDS. IT CAN WEIGH AS MUCH AS 40 POUNDS (18 KG).



ODD CAT

ALTHOUGH THE CHEETAH IS A MEMBER OF THE CAT FAMILY, IT **CANNOT RETRACT ITS CLAWS** LIKE OTHER CATS. ALSO IT CHASES ITS PREY INSTEAD OF LEAPING FROM AMBUSH LIKE OTHER CATS.

THE AFRICAN SOCIABLE WEAVER BIRD BUILDS A GREAT COMMUNAL HOME FROM DRY GRASSES. AFTER THE ROOF IS COMPLETED THE BIRDS PAIR OFF TO BUILD THEIR NESTING CHAMBERS WHICH ARE ENTERED FROM BELOW.



Sociable Bird

THE MIDNIGHT CALL

The Villagers were asleep. All was quiet. Since a cheetah which had turned a man-eater dragged away two persons one after another in a fortnight, the villagers kept indoors as soon as it was dark.

At midnight a loud shout was heard, "A thief! A thief!" The voice was that of Rangu, a village lad whom everybody loved.

The villagers came out, armed with sticks and other things. They did not find any thief, but found the cheetah and killed it.

"Where did you see the thief?" someone asked Rangu after the operation was over.

"I did not see any thief!" replied Rangu.

"Then?"

"I saw the cheetah. But had I shouted 'Cheetah, cheetah' would any of you have come out? You would have shut even your windows if they were open!" explained Rangu.



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-12

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

WHO IS SHE?

A wandering sage took shelter in the house of a nobleman. If the host was most kind, the host's little daughter was most loving. She served the sage day and night. She sat at his feet and listened to the stories he narrated. They were all stories from different holy books—stories in which figured Lord Krishna.

The sage carried with him a small idol—a figure of Lord Krishna. The girl adored and loved the idol. She would worship the deity and sing before Him and dance before Him.

One day, long before it was morning, the sage left the nobleman's house for another destination. The girl was asleep. The sage did not wish to disturb her sleep. On waking up, the girl was shocked to see the idol of Krishna gone! She wept bitterly and refused to touch food. Nothing consoled her.

The day passed. The sage, on his way to his destination, passed his night in a temple. He dreamt the tearful face of the girl. He also felt as if the deity wanted to be back with her. He got up and returned to the host's house and presented the idol to the girl?

Who is the girl?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which Indian jewel, believed to be of Puranic time, is in the possession of the British Royal family?
2. Who was the lady who protected the city of Ahmednagar from the Mughul invaders for a long time?
3. Which foreign colony in India was the last to merge with independent India?
4. What is the smallest mouse in the world?
5. How much does it weigh?
6. When did take place the most catastrophic earthquake and where?

DANDAKARANYA



The great forest of India, Dandakaranya, has been the witness to many dramatic scenes of our epics and the Puranas. In the olden days the forest was the home of numerous hermits. It was also believed to be haunted by demons. Rama, Sita and Lakshmana had lived in this forest for a while.

The two great rivers which mark the two sides of the forest

are the Godavari and the Narmada. The forest is comprised of areas which belong to states today known as Madhya Pradesh, Orissa, Andhra Pradesh and Maharashtra. Several rivers flow through the forest. They are the Matsyakund, Indrawati, Vamsadhara, Nagavalli and Tamasa.

Long long ago there was a young king named Dandaka.

One day, while roaming about in the forest, he saw a beautiful girl and tried to forcibly take her with him. The girl, Araja, managed to escape. She reported her humiliation to her father, the powerful sage Sukra. The sage uttered a curse that the kingdom of Dandaka should be reduced to ashes.

A great fire consumed the kingdom. Centuries passed and a forest grew on it. It bore the

memory of Dandaka and was known as Dandakaranya.

Dandakaranya was a beneficent forest. It was a great factor in ensuring a balanced climate for the country. Unfortunately, in recent times the forest has been plundered by men for timber. Also, much damage has been done to the range of hills, known as the Eastern Ghats, which dominated the forest.

The Champ of the Keyboard

Rajinder Singh, 45-year old dentist from village Cheog in district Solan of Himachal Pradesh, is the world champion in typewriting for the third time.

He won the gold medal at the 18th world championship in Dresden with 499 strokes a minute on a Remington typewriter manufactured five years before he was born.



NEWS FLASH



White Tiger Cub on View

The first white tiger cub born at Alipore Zoo, Calcutta this year was put on public view for about two hours recently along with its mother, "Himadri junior". The tiny white cub with black stripes inside the exhibition cage rolled in the sunshine to which it had been exposed for only the third time since its birth on May 3 this year. The cub kept close to its mother most of the time who rarely allowed it to stray from her.

LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. What is the name of the man who was the model for Robinson Crusoe?
2. What was the real name of the English novelist, George Eliot?
3. Which ancient university of India had the largest library?
4. Which Sanskrit play gives the story of Chandragupta Maurya?
5. What is the name of the greatest work of Plato?
6. When did Plato live?

ANSWERS

Who is she?

Mirabai, the devotee and poet.

General Knowledge

1. Kohinoor Diamond
2. Chand Bibi
3. Goa
4. Etruscan Mosaic of Italy
5. One-tenth of an ounce
6. In 742. It destroyed 300 towns in Egypt, Palestine and Syria.

World Literature

1. Alexander Selkirk
2. Mary Ann Evans
3. The University of Nalanda
4. *Mudrarakshasa* by Visakhadatta
5. *The Republic*
6. During the 5th and the 4th century B.C.



SAGA OF NEHRU (12)

After release from jail, one afternoon in January 1934 Nehru was addressing a group of peasants on the verandah of his house at Allahabad when the tiles of the roof came down. An earthquake had begun.

Nehru, according to his programme left for Calcutta with Kamala Nehru where he gave several public talks. He condemned the Government repression of the people in the name of curbing the terrorists.

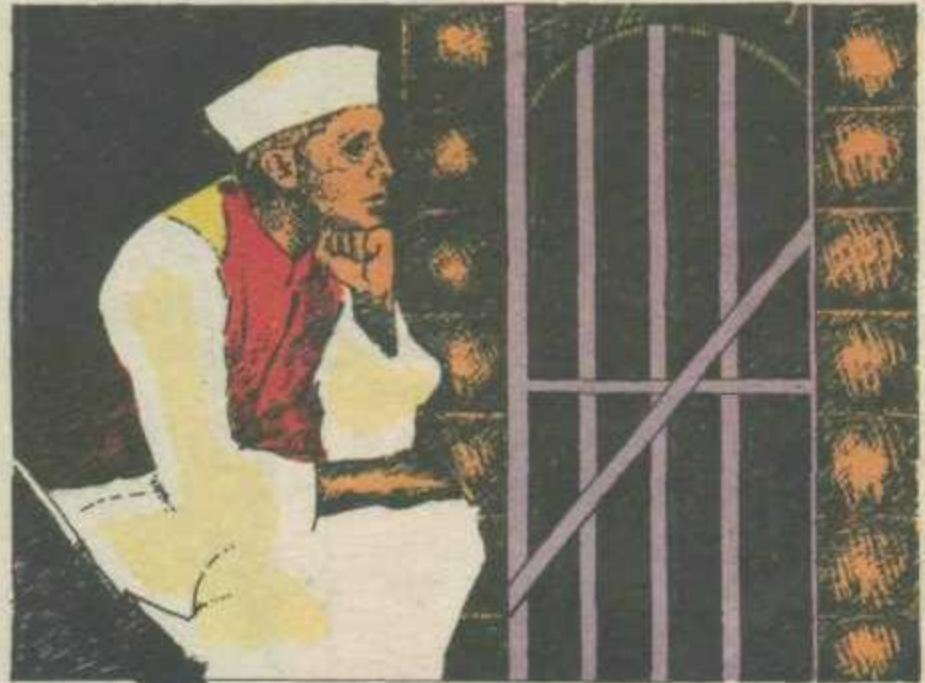


When they reached Patna after four days, he realised what a devastation the earthquake had caused. Numberless houses had collapsed and many had died. Their host's house was in ruins. They spent the night in the open.



They were back in Allahabad, but one afternoon, after he and Kamala had had tea with Purushottam Das Tandon, a police party came and arrested him for his speeches in Calcutta. "I have been waiting for you for a long time," Nehru told the officer.

He was brought to Calcutta and imprisoned in a cell in Alipore Central Jail. He used to be bored. He walked inside the tiny cell four or five short steps forward and then back again. He remembered the bears at the zoo tramping up and down their cages.



In 1934, Gandhiji gave a call withdrawing the Civil Disobedience Movement because he was dissatisfied with the behaviour of the volunteers. Nehru read about it in newspapers and was very much upset.

Kamala Nehru took seriously ill. Nehru was twice temporarily released to see her. He had been told that he would be set free if he gave an undertaking not to indulge in politics. Kamala asked him not to give such an undertaking.



After some time Nehru was allowed to take her to Europe for treatment. She died in Germany. It was a great blow to Nehru. She had gladly suffered with him, all her married life. She was a great source of strength to Nehru.



Soon thereafter Nehru's mother too died. Though she belonged to an orthodox tradition, she proved herself quite progressive. She had never fully recovered from the brutality of the British police on her.





The Second World War began. In 1940 Japan bombed Pearl Harbour in a surprising move. That gave a turn to the War—with the involvement of Japan and the USA. Suddenly the situation all over the world became grim.

In 1942 Gandhiji gave the call for the Quit India Movement. The British must leave India; India must win freedom unconditionally. This was a great moment in the history of modern India.



Immediately the British swung into action. Thousands of freedom fighters were arrested from different parts of the country. Nehru too was arrested. There was anger and excitement everywhere.

—To conclude in the next issue.



STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(Prince Siddhartha, through his *tapasya*, became the Buddha or the Enlightened One. He now began to preach the knowledge he had received. Many became his disciples.)

LESSONS THROUGH EXAMPLES

The Buddha lived in his camp with his disciples. They ate the food which the citizens gave them as alms.

Whether the householders understood the teachings of the Buddha or not is a different matter. How many of them agreed with his doctrine is also a different matter. But in those

days hardly a householder refused alms even to an ordinary mendicant, not to speak of an ascetic.

But, as in all the other ages, there were cynics in that age too. One day while an ascetic stood before a wealthy man's house waiting for alms, the wealthy man himself came out and





started heaping abuses on him, shrieking and gesticulating.

“You are a bunch of good-for-nothing fellows, doing no good to anybody. Your master, whom you call the Buddha, is a fool. You fellows are rogues!” he said. He did not stop there. Panting and sweating with anger and agitation, he went on repeating his accusations. After every two minutes he paused for a moment, expecting the ascetic to react in some way. Perhaps he thought that the ascetic would contradict him, or abuse him in return. But the ascetic did no such thing.

At last bored with his own ugly words, he shouted, “Why don’t

you say something?”

“Since you want me to say something, I will say. My friend, suppose you hold a fruit in your hand and offer it to a stranger. But, suppose the stranger does not accept it, what would happen to the fruit?”

“My fruit would remain with me, that is all! This is common sense. This is hardly a riddle!” replied the wealthy man.

“I know, this is not a riddle. But this explains why I did not react to your abuses. The fact is, you offered them to me. But I did not accept them,” calmly explained the ascetic.

The man stood looking agape. He realised that the ascetic who said this was not just giving him a rebuff, he was one who had really not been touched by his anger. There was a strange serenity and calm about him which, like a shield, protected him from the ill-will of others.

While gazing at the ascetic, the wealthy man felt a great change coming over himself. Something for the first time told him that to seek money and to go on gathering it was not the goal of life, that there were far greater things to look for than mere pleasures, that there were people like the ascetic who could remain calm

and unmoved in the face of most violent provocations.

He knelt down before the ascetic and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the Buddha."

"Pardon me, O great soul, and have compassion for me," cried out the wealthy man and he became a disciple of the Buddha.

In India of those days, by and large, all new ideas were received respectfully by the people. One could oppose another's faith, but the two did not come to blows on account of such differences. There were many faiths, many philosophies and many religious disciplines. They were cultivated side by side. Often, in the courts of the kings or at public places, there were debates among scholars who held different views. Those who lost in the arguments, accepted the views of their opponents or still adhered to their own views. Hundreds of interested people who listened to such arguments drew their own conclusions. But nobody tried to convert the others to his faith by the use of force or rewards. Such practices were totally unknown.

In such an atmosphere, those who found the teachings of the Buddha convincing, could follow him without any opposition from



their community or family. Their number began to grow.

There were, of course, times when the Buddha's words fell on deaf ears or when he found no sympathy in a particular locality. One summer noon, as he was passing through a village in the company of a few disciples, no villager came forward to play host to him. He sat under a banyan tree outside the village. A disciple, while fanning him, shed tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked the Buddha.

"At the sight of your suffering, my lord. As the prince of a prosperous kingdom, you could

have enjoyed a cosy bed in a cool palace on a lake at this hour of the day. But you chose to take to the life of an ascetic. I understand even this. But what I don't understand is why don't you use your spiritual power and thereby give all the ignorant people the knowledge of Nirvana?"

The Buddha did not answer him immediately, but asked him to visit the householders of the nearby village with a question. The disciple, after fulfilling his task, returned to his master at the sunset.

"O lord, as directed by you, I asked the chiefs of fifty households—what would make them happy," he said.

"And what were their answers?" asked the Buddha.

"Some said that they would be happy if they had enough wealth; some said that they would be happy if they won the cases which

were pending in the king's court; some desired to be cured of their diseases and some said that they would be happy if they were able to arrange for suitable partners for their sons or daughters."

"How many said that they would be happy if they had the knowledge of Nirvana—or for that matter any higher knowledge?" asked the Buddha.

"None, my lord," replied the disciple.

"How can I give anybody anything for which he has no need?" observed the Buddha. Then he explained that it is ignorance which stands in the way of man aspiring for true knowledge. His mission was to dispel this ignorance. It was not easy. But he was not impatient. He will do his best and after him, his worthy disciples will continue with the task.

—To Continue



NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM
AND THE VAMPIRE

HOW JUST WAS THE KING?

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King is it with the desire for fame that you are toiling at this unearthly hour? It has been seen that a man doing daring things for fame is behaving like a coward on another occasion. Let me explain my point with an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: That was a time when the kingdom of





Vaisali was ruled by King Shrawan Verma. He was a peace-loving king. He was very cordial towards the neighbouring kings. As a result his subjects could trade with the other kingdoms without any trouble and brought prosperity to Vaisali.

Adjacent to Vaisali was a kingdom called Vikramपुरी. Kalapratap, the king of Vikramपुरी, was young and ambitious. Outwardly he was quite courteous towards Vaisali, but it was his fond desire to annex Vaisali and become a powerful king. He built up a very strong army.

Then, one day he led his army to the frontier of Vaisali and

camped there. His emissary met King Shrawan Verma and served him with this ultimatum: "Either surrender your kingdom to me or protect your kingdom from me through war."

King Shrawan Verma sent his minister to Kalapratap's camp. The minister greeted Kalapratap and said, "Your Majesty a war will result in the death of thousands of people. The kingdom that wins and the kingdom that loses, both suffer the aftermath of a war. Innumerable children shall become orphans and women would be widowed. There will be plunder and arson. Those defeated will lie low for a while, but will take revenge against the victor at an opportune moment. Must you initiate such a destructive course? Our king looked upon you as a friend. If you have decided to become his foe, let there be a single combat between you two. You can choose the weapon you will like to use. Our king will agree to use the same weapon—be it the mace or the sword. He would also be prepared for wrestling. If our king is defeated, Vaisali shall become yours and you can imprison him. If you are defeated, Vikramपुरी will be annexed by

Vaisali. You will be our king's prisoner. I hope, as a valiant man, you will accept this just proposal."

King Kalapratap was not prepared to face such a situation. To refuse to accept the proposal would be cowardice. Besides, Kalapratap was an expert swordsman and he was proud of his talent. He had displayed it on several occasions. But nothing was known about Shrawan Verma's talent in this respect. Kalapratap was confident of defeating Shrawan Verma.

So, he suggested a duel with swords. Shrawan Verma accepted the suggestion.

Next day, the duel took place in the foreyard of the fort of Vaisali. Ministers, generals and the nobility of both the sides witnessed the dreadful scene with bated breath. If once it appeared that Shrawan Verma would emerge victorious, the very next moment Kalapratap seemed to steal the show.

Suddenly a lightning strike by Shrawan Verma threw Kalapratap's sword off his hand. Shrawan Verma's sword stopped touching Kalapratap's throat.

Kalapratap stood stunned for a moment. Then he said, "Your

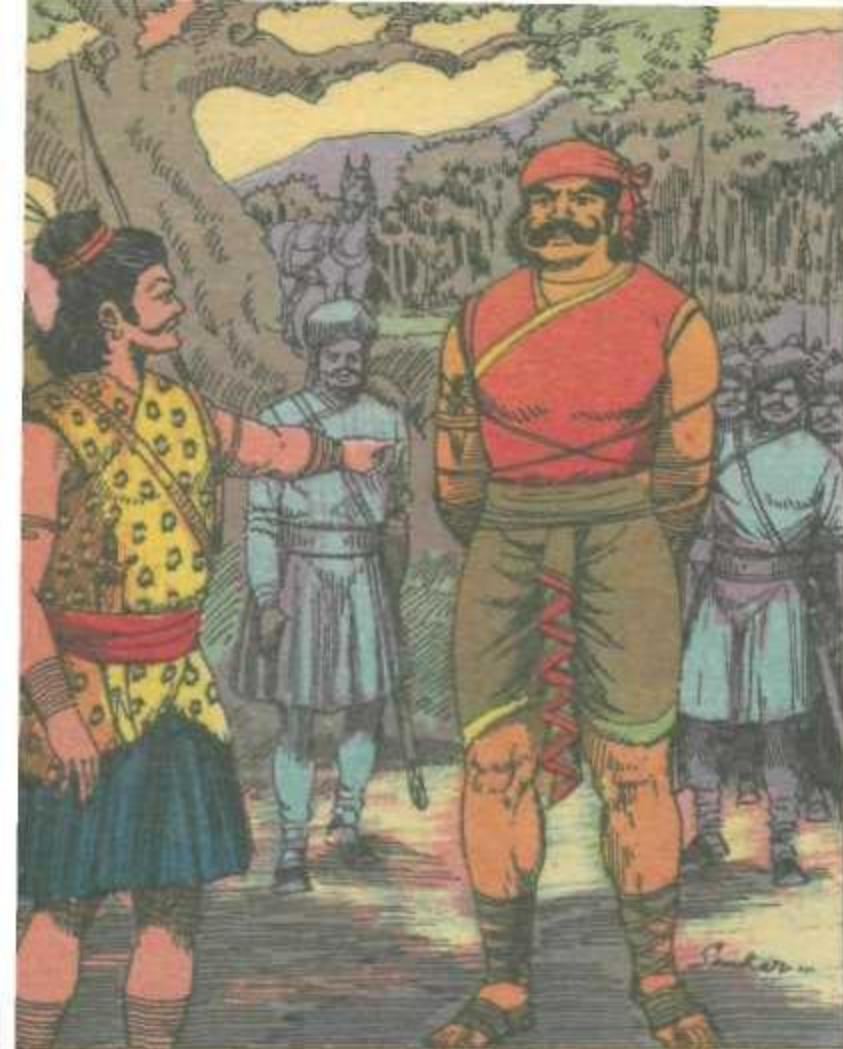


Majesty, I accept defeat. According to the conditions agreed upon by both of us, I surrender my kingdom, Vikramপুরi to you. You can take me prisoner."

Shrawan Verma kept quiet, but led the enemy into his castle and entertained him to food. After the enemy had relaxed, he said, "King Kalapratap, I appreciate your courage and courtesy. There is no question of my taking over your kingdom."

"What do you say, my friend? How did I prove any courage and courtesy?" asked Kalapratap, quite surprised.

"My friend, by accepting my proposal for a duel, you spared



the lives of thousands of people and saved both our countries from much misery. You risked a duel with me. These are traits of courage and courtesy. Let us remain friends. Return to your kingdom," said King Shrawan Verma.

Kalapratap took leave of him, expressing to him his profound gratitude.

A few months after this a bandit began to harass those who travelled by the road passing by a forest in Vaisali. He easily gave the slip to the king's guards. One day King Shrawan Verma put on a hunter's outfit and moved about in the forest. His body-

guards followed him, keeping some distance.

Suddenly a tiger was seen springing towards the king. It is doubtful if the king could have shot his arrow at the beast before it had pounced upon him. However, someone else's arrow struck the tiger and it fell down. Next, the king's arrow killed it.

The man who had shot the first arrow emerged before the king and said, "You are a brave man to enter this area infested by tigers. I wish to have a man like you as my assistant."

"Who are you?" asked the disguised king.

"I am Nag Bhairav, the bandit. Even the king trembles with fear upon hearing my name. Ha ha!" announced the proud bandit.

The king's bodyguards reached the spot. At an indication from the king they swooped down upon the bandit and bound him hands and feet.

From the talks of his captors, the bandit knew that the hunter was none other than the king.

"Don't forget, O king, that I saved you from the tiger. You ought to be grateful to me and let me go away in peace. Besides, there is no merit in so many

people pouncing on one. Come on, let me wrestle and find out who is stronger—you or I," challenged the bandit.

The king did not respond. He asked his guards to take away the bandit and throw him in gaol. The guards fetched the king's horse. He rode back to the palace.

A week later a tantrik wished to meet the king privately. The king called him in. The fellow introduced himself as Kapalkantha and said, "I am performing a rite to appease a Yakshini, I need ten Kshatriya lads to be sacrificed before the deity. It is not difficult for me to find ten such

boys. But it will be auspicious if the king supplies them to me. On the completion of the rite I will possess the power to find out all the hidden treasures in the world. I will give you a share of my find."

The king trembled with rage at the audacious proposal of the fellow. "How dare you ask me to give you ten innocent boys whom you propose to kill!" he shouted and unsheathed his sword. But the tantrik chanted some abracadabra and the steel sword turned into wood. Kapalkantha laughed and said, "Nobody has been able to oppose me. It is your misfortune that you refused to help





me.” He scoffed at the king and went away.

Next day a Kshatriya lad was reported missing. The king at once set his spies to locate the tantrik. By evening they got the information that he lived in a cave in the forest. The king went there, all alone, when it was dark.

He saw that there was a small temple close to the cave. The tantrik had set up the idol of a Yakshini in it and was preparing to perform his rite. The king located the kidnapped boy. He could have set him free and escaped with him. But that would not remove the menace. He waited there in hiding the whole

night. Early in the morning Kapalkantha held some herb close to the imprisoned boy’s nose. The boy fainted. The fellow laid him before the deity and began to recite something.

The king swung his sword and beheaded him. Then he sprinkled water on the boy’s face and revived him. Then he returned to the capital with the boy, to everybody’s joy.

The vampire paused and, in a challenging tone, asked King Vikram, “O King, I have some questions regarding King Shrawan Verma’s nature and conduct. He defeated King Kalapratap, who came to conquer his kingdom, and yet let him go away, but he showed no mercy towards the bandit who saved his life. Does this not speak of a double standard? Again, he did not hesitate to kill the tantrik without challenging the fellow to a combat. Does this not prove that he was a coward? Will it be wrong for us to suppose that he left Kalapratap because that sort of action would bring him fame? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck.”

Forthwith answered King Vik-



ram, "King Shrawan Verma was upright, brave and intelligent. He risked his life again and again for the sake of the people. He risked a single combat with King Kalapratap, because he wanted to avoid a war which would have meant death for thousands. He risked his life to save his subjects from the menace of the bandit and again to save the kidnapped boy.

His conduct for the bandit and the greedy tantrik had to be different from his conduct towards the king. It was his policy to maintain friendly relationship between his kingdom and the other kingdoms. There is

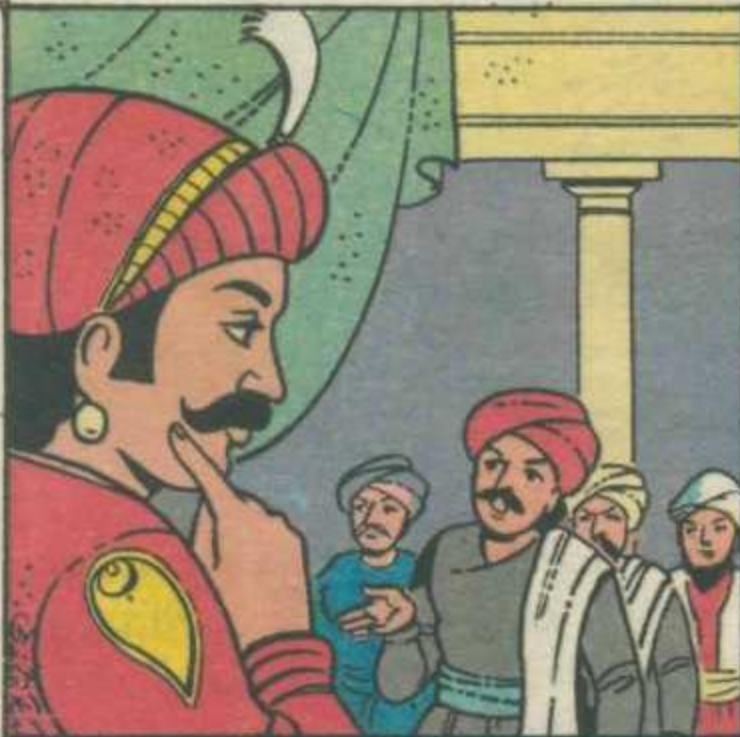
nothing wrong for a king to fight with a king on some conditions. But a bandit is a nasty fellow who troubles innocent people. The bandit shot his arrow at the tiger not to save the king but for his own safety and also because he wanted to recruit an assistant. The tantrik who stole a boy to kill him had to be killed in a stealthy way. There was no point in facing him physically, for he knew black magic. It was necessary for the king to finish him at once. The king did nothing wrong."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

God is Light, not darkness, God is Love, not hate, God is Truth, not untruth. God alone is great.

—Mahatma Gandhi

COUNTING THE CROWS



Because of Emperor Akbar's liking for Birbal, the other courtiers were envious of Birbal. One day, when Birbal was away, they asserted that they too were as witty and intelligent as Birbal!

"Very well," said the emperor, "I will like you to find out how many crows are there in our city of Agra. Give me your report by noon, before Birbal returns."



The courtiers, divided themselves into different groups and spread out in different directions of the city of Agra. They began counting the crows.

By noon they came back. They were looking disappointed. Their spokesman told the emperor, "My lord, we need some more time to complete our counting."



Just then Birbal returned to the court. The emperor asked the other courtiers to sit down. Then he asked Birbal, "Can you tell me how many crows are there in Agra?"



Birbal guessed the situation and said, "Seven thousand two hundred and thirty-five." The courtiers protested. "What if we count and prove that the number is either more or is less?"

Said Birbal, "If you find the number to be more, that means their relatives from Delhi have come to visit them. If the number is less some of the Agra crows are out visiting Delhi to meet their relatives!"



The amused Akbar turned to the courtiers and said, "Do you now realise why I value Birbal so much? From my question you should have understood that what I needed was a witty answer, not a factual one."



THE AMBITIOUS UNCLE

King Dharmavir of Shivpur had two sons, one born of the elder queen and the other born of the younger queen. The son of the elder queen was named Vijaysen; the younger queen's son was named Satyasen.

Both the princes were intelligent and brave. The one to succeed the king to the throne was to be declared the crown prince. The king was in a fix. Whom to choose?

The issue was a bit knotty. The elder queen's son Vijaysen was younger than Satyasen, the younger queen's son. The elder queen desired to see her son as the crown prince. As the elder queen's son, she thought,

Vijaysen was entitled to that. On the other hand, the younger queen wanted her son to become the crown prince. As the older prince, she thought, Satyasen was entitled to that.

The king wanted to keep both the queens pleased, but personally he would prefer Vijaysen to succeed him.

One day he called his minister Vidyasagar and explained his dilemma to him. He did not hide his personal preference in the matter.

Close to Shivpur was Gangapur. The king of Gangapur, Amarendra, was the elder brother of King Dharmavir's younger queen. Amarendra had

no child of his own. He wanted to adopt Satyasen. At the same time he wanted Satyasen to become the king of Shivpur. He would be happy to see his nephew inheriting two kingdoms!

In those days there was a great scholar named Deshikacharya whom all the kings of the region respected. He was an authority on scriptures, laws and political theories. No king ignored his advice.

King Amarendra called Deshikacharya and sought his advice in the matter. Observed the scholar, "Your nephew may be the younger queen's son. But as the older prince, he is entitled to the throne of Shivpur."

A fortnight after this, Minister Vidyasagar of Shivpur met King Amarendra and said, "My lord, we hear that you would like to adopt a son. Both Satyasen and Vijaysen are your nephews. We suggest that you adopt Vijaysen. Gangapur is a smaller kingdom when compared to Shivpur. But we are hopeful of persuading the elder queen to dedicate her son to you."

King Amarendra said, "I don't wish to mince words. I cannot accept your proposal. I will



adopt my nephew Satyasen. The question that remains is, who would succeed King Dharmavir. Well, laws and traditions are clear on that issue: the elder son must inherit his father's kingdom. In this case, it is Satyasen."

King Amarendra was not satisfied with merely asserting his views before the minister, he went to Shivpur the very next day and told King Dharmavir, "I wish to adopt my nephew Satyasen. And I don't want to delay."

King Dharmavir sought the advice of his minister, Vidyasagar.

"My lord, agree to his proposal

immediately," said Vidyasagar.

So, as desired by Amarendra, Satyasen was formally adopted by him, amidst chanting of hymns by the priests.

A month after this King Dharmavir announced his decision to make Vijaysen the crown prince. As soon as King Amarendra got the news, he protested, saying, "How can that be? My nephew, Satyasen, is the older prince. He must become the crown prince. I have consulted no less an authority than Deshikacharya. He says that Satyasen is the legitimate heir to the throne of Shivpur."

"In that case, let us call Deshikacharya," proposed Minister Vidyasagar.

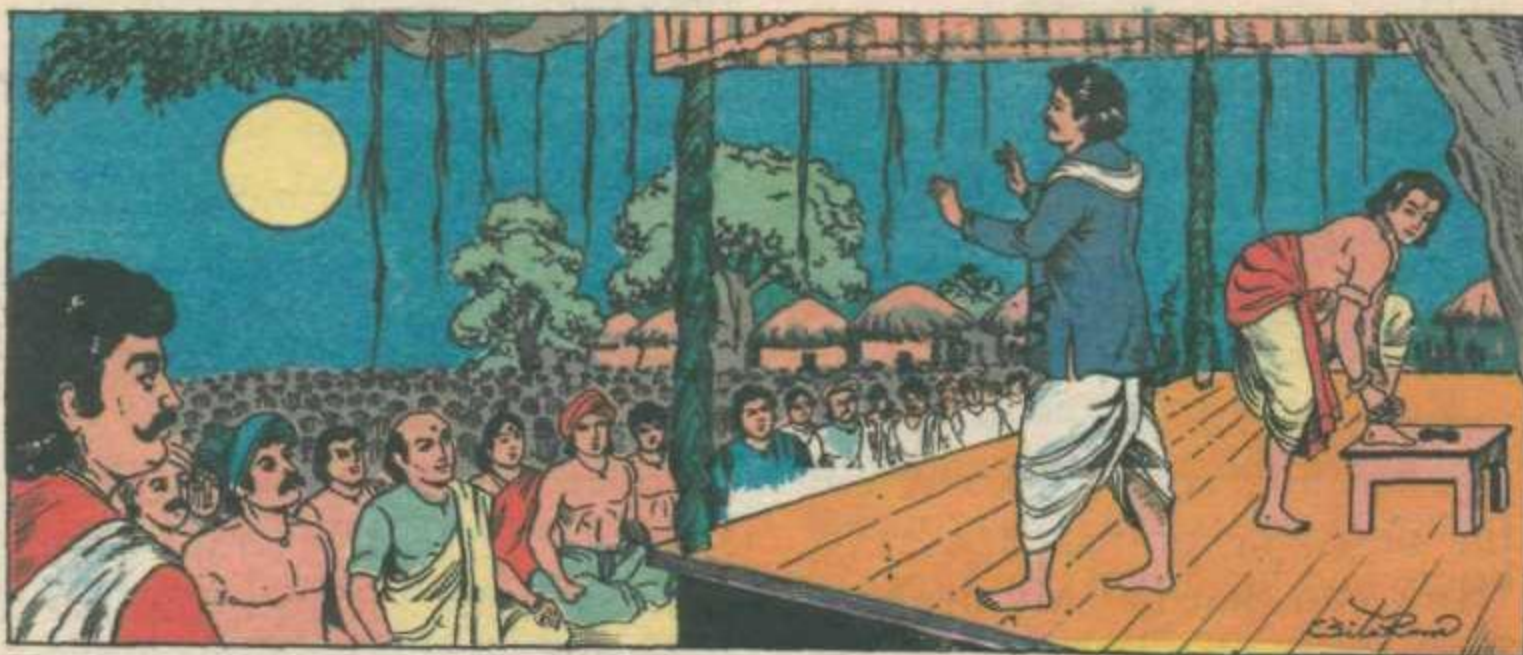
Deshikacharya was brought to the conference. King Amarendra told him, "O learned one, you must resolve the problem."

"Problem? What problem? The problem is already solved!" said Deshikacharya.

As all expected some clarification, he explained, "Satyasen, as the older prince, should be the heir to the throne. But he is no longer a prince of Shivpur. He has no right to his father's property once he is adopted by someone else. Now Shivpur has only one prince—Vijaysen."

Deshikacharya's view of the situation could not be contested by anybody. King Amarendra repented silently. Only if he would have accepted Minister Vidyasagar's proposal and adopted Vijaysen, his own nephew Satyasen would have inherited Shivpur, the bigger kingdom. He harmed his nephew's interest because of his excessive greed.





RAJU SETH'S LUCK

In a certain village lived a wealthy money-lender named Raju Seth. He understood nothing except his own business. He took no interest in any cultural activities of the village or in any festival.

Once the villagers invited a man famous for his melodious recitation of passages from Purnas. He sang the passages and also explained them.

Raju Seth had just got married. His wife was a pious woman. She asked her husband to go and listen to the recitation and discourse. But he said, "I will

rather sleep at night."

"Sleep you may. But what is wrong with your listening to two or three things before going to bed?" asked his wife.

"All right. I will listen to only three things and come away," said Seth.

It was evening when Seth went out. A big crowd had already collected at the venue of the function. The singer's companion told the crowd, "I hope, all are here!"

Seth was sure that he had heard the first thing!

"Come closer, please!" said the

man.

Seth was sure that he had heard the second thing.

"Good, we are so many here and yet all is quiet!" the man said, appreciating the discipline of the audience.

Raju Seth concluded that he had heard the last thing and now he could go to bed. He returned home and lay down. He kept the door open for his wife to come back.

Some thieves entered his house and were about to begin stealing when Raju Seth said aloud, "I hope, all are here!"

The thieves wondered if there was a meeting going on inside.

"Come closer please!" said Seth. The thieves thought that perhaps they were mistaken to be members of the audience. However, they wondered as to why

only one person should talk and others keep quiet. Their doubt was resolved when they heard Seth saying, "Good, we are so many here and yet all is quiet." The thieves took to their heels.

Seth's wife came back from the function as she did not see her husband there. She saw these fellows rushing out of her house. She asked her husband who they were. But he knew nothing about them. He said that he was remembering and speaking aloud the three things he had heard, so that he could prove to her that he had attended the function.

His wife realised why the thieves fled. She said, "Just a moment's good company saved your house from the burglars. Think how much benefit would come from true and sincere good company!"



THE FARMER'S ECONOMICS

A bank had just opened in the rural area. A farmer met the manager in his office and asked if he could get a loan.

"Why not? The bank is here for you!" said the courteous manager.

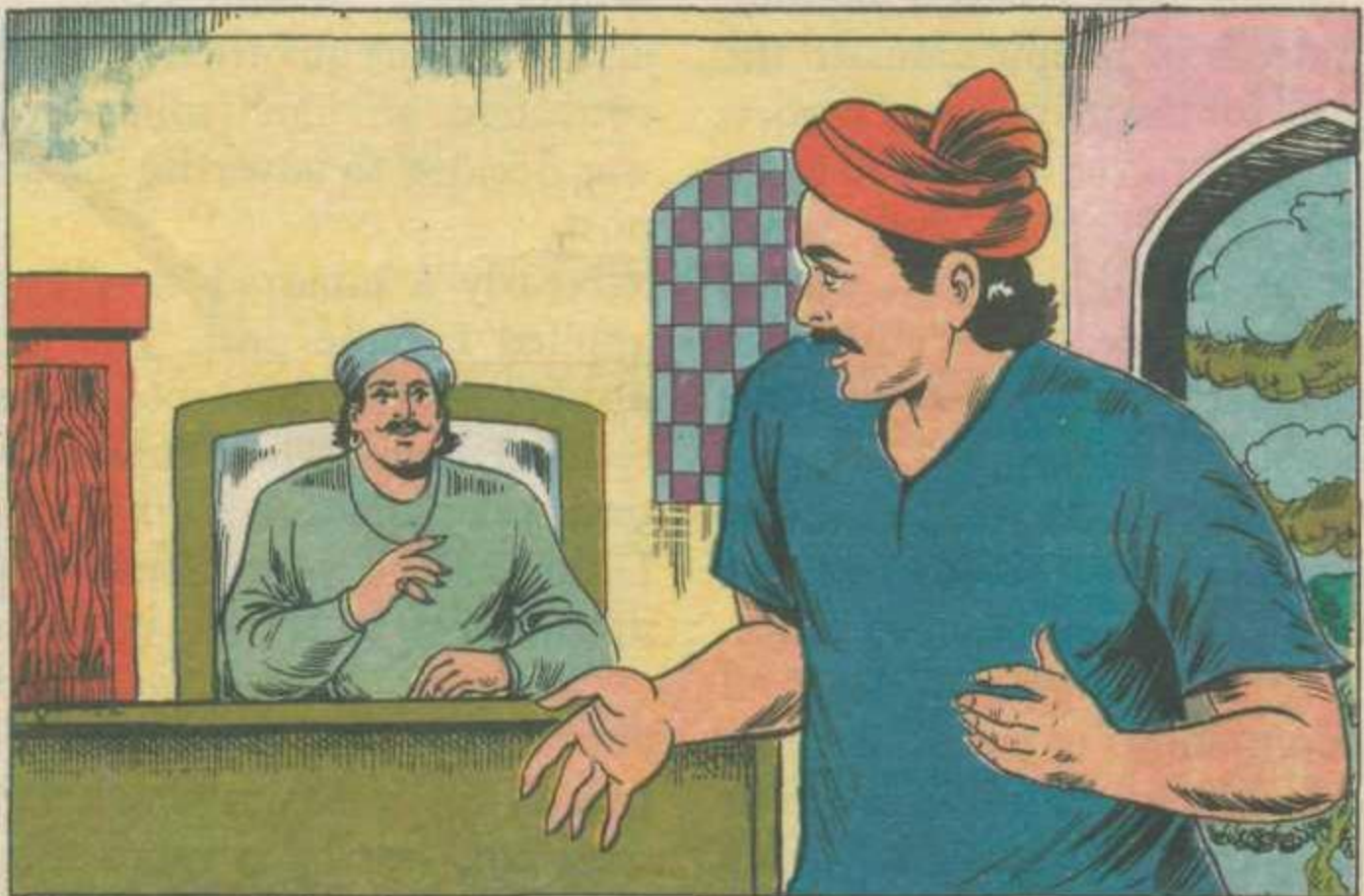
"Good. What is the interest you demand?"

"For farmers, only five per cent."

"That is quite cheap! I will come back tomorrow," said the farmer, taking leave of the manager. But he returned in a minute and asked with excitement, "Can I get the loan at two per cent interest?"

The surprised manager asked, "But did you not say that five per cent was quite cheap?"

"I said so. But when I stepped out, I saw rain clouds spreading across the sky. There will be rain; there will be crop. I will have less need of your loan," explained the farmer.





THE AXE AND THE NEEDLE

Shantidev was a kind-hearted ruler. He wished to personally listen to the problems of his subjects and solve them.

But his was a vast kingdom. Hundreds of people came to the capital for the privilege of reporting their grievances to the king. Most of them had very small grievances and they just wasted the king's time. Some could not even meet the king and they went away sad and angry.

Shantidev was aware of the unmanageable situation. He decided to create a new office. The officer's job was to go into all the complaints of the people and decide which ones of them can be solved by the ministers, which

ones should be tackled by the police and which ones deserve to attract the king's attention.

Only an honest, intelligent and sympathetic person could do justice to such an office. The king consulted his chief minister. It was decided to advertise the new post.

Nearly a hundred candidates applied for the post. The king and his chief minister interviewed each of them. Their final selection was limited to Prakash and Dhiman, two young men. Both appeared to be equally efficient.

"Minister, I think, we should appoint Prakash to the post. He has all the qualities which Dhiman has, but he is more smart

than Dhiman. What do you say?" the king asked.

"My lord, I have a feeling that Dhiman would fit into the post better," said the chief minister.

The king smiled and said, "All these years we have agreed on practically every issue. It is good that, for a change, we differ. Now, who will decide? We must put the case before a third person. Who should it be?"

"My lord, the Rajguru should be the right person to decide," proposed the minister.

The Rajguru or the religious guardian of the royal family was a saintly man who lived in his hermitage away from the city, close to a forest. Prakash and Dhiman were directed to meet him with a letter from the king. The two young men returned on the fourth day.

"Has the sage sent any message for us?" asked the king.

"No, Your Majesty, but he gave me an axe," said Prakash.

"And he gave me a needle," said Dhiman.

"I see," mused the king. Then he asked Prakash, "Well, young man, we had asked the sage to give his observations on you. What do you think he means to convey through an axe?"



"My lord, it is clear. The axe is the instrument by which one can pave one's way forward, removing obstacles. Only he who has able arms can wield the axe. By giving me an axe the sage surely indicates that I am an able man and I can perform my duty well," said Prakash.

"Your interpretation is quite convincing. Dhiman, what is the significance of the sage giving you a needle?" asked the king.

"My lord, what is the function of a needle? It brings together two parts of a cloth which are torn asunder. It is a small thing, humble in appearance, but it symbolises the force of unity. I



cannot claim that I have such qualities which a needle symbolises. But since the sage gave the needle to me, I can try to develop such qualities," said Dhiman.

The king sent the two young men to the royal guest-house and conferred with his chief minister.

"My dear minister," he said, "I think you are right. We should have Dhiman for the post. He is intelligent, but humble. The post requires a man who can bridge

the gap between the king and his subjects. By giving him the needle, the sage chose him for the post."

"I too think so, my lord, but we should not disappoint Prakash. For some time we have felt the need of an adviser for our general. Prakash has courage. He is smart. He will fit well into our army set-up," said the chief minister.

The king agreed with him.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



"CAESAR'S WIFE MUST BE ABOVE SUSPICION"

Mr. T.B. Krishna Rao of Madras wants to know what "Caesar's wife should be above suspicion" means. The words in the proverb are "must be" and not should be. There is a certain imperativeness about the proverb.

Caesar's wife, Pompeia, was suspected of giving her favours to Claudius. When this was brought to Caesar's notice, he divorced her. He knew that she was not guilty, but he believed that for a person very close to him, it was not enough that he or she was really not guilty; he or she even should not be suspected to be guilty of anything. Only that is how the sanctity of authority can be preserved; the people can trust their ruler.

"Caesar's wife" stands for any near relative or close friend of a person who holds power and authority and who should be totally impartial and just.

Mr. Jyotiranjana Biswal of Dhenkanal would like to know what *Vox populi Vox Dei* means. This Latin phrase was coined by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Walter Reynolds, during the coronation of Edward III, after King Edward II was dethroned by a rebellion. That was in the 14th century. The phrase means, "the voice of the people is the voice of God". However, the Archbishop could not have meant it literally. There was a bit of sarcasm in his utterance. He meant that whatever the majority demanded had to be carried out—as if it was God's decree!

Some people use the phrase to seriously mean that the majority was always right. Others still use the phrase to indicate that even when a popular demand was not wise, it has to be conceded simply because the majority wanted it.





LET US KNOW

What are asteroids?

Anirban B., Nasik

Asteroids are small planets which move in their fixed orbits. Most of them are found between Mars and Jupiter. The first asteroid, afterwards named Ceres, had been discovered by Giuseppe Piazzi (1746-1826) the eminent Italian astronomer, in 1801. Since then thousands have been discovered. The largest of them is Ceres with a diameter of 800 km. Next is Vesta with a diameter of 530 km. Many of them have less than 100 km diameters and most of them do not have diameters of 5 to 10 km each. The latest asteroid to be discovered is named Chiron, moving between Saturn and Uranus.

What is the difference between a *Mahakavi* and a *Viswakavi*?

Arindam Saha, Malda.

Both are adjectives to denote the greatness of a poet. When we say Mahakavi Kalidasa, we mean that he belongs to the highest order of poets. Rabindranath Tagore is often referred to as *Viswakavi* because the *viswa* or the world recognised him by bestowing on him the Nobel Prize for literature. *Viswakavi* also means a poet with a universal message and appeal. All *Mahakavis* (like Vyasa, Valmiki and Homer) are *Viswakavis* and vice versa.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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mango sweet!

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